Lubricating the Revolution

Strung Out

The mirror never lies
and neither does the face
of a man who doesn't know where his place is
This man and his shadow
know exactly where they're going
straight to hell in all it's glory
with the rest of it allI set myself up
so that I can set myself apart
and find another way
On this planet I call my home
I'll be an islandI'll rent a revolution
and sell my soul to the cause
as a million footsteps march in my parade
And I'll buy the moon, a bomb
and aim it straight at number one
cause nobody really wants a revolution to comeI set myself up
so that I can see what's going on
and never be like you
If you have any questions
feel free to make up your mind
On this planet here right now
there's a place for everyone to just be
On this planet here right now
there's no place I'd rather be

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